She that from him was sent away
knew nothing of his dying day
But constant still she did remain
to love the dead was then in vain.

After he had in grave been laid
a month or more unto this maid,
He comes about middle of the night
who joy'd to see her hearts delight.

Her Fathers house which well she knew
her mothers head and safeguard too,
He brought with him to testifie
her parents order he came by.

Which when her uncle understood
he hop't it would be for her good,
And gave consent to her straightway
that with him she should come away.

When she was got her love behind
they pass'd as swift as any wind,
That in two hours or little more
he brought her to her Fathers door.

But as they did this great haste make
he did complain his head did ake,
Her Handkerchief she then took out
and tyed the same his head about.

And unto him she thus did say
thou art as cold as any clay,
When we come home a fire we'l have
but little dream't he went to Grave.

Soon were they at her Fathers door
and after ne're see him more,
He set the house up then he said
and there he set this harmless maid.

She knockt and strait a man he cryed
whose there, 'tis I, she then replyed,
Who wondred much her voice to hear
and was possest with dread and fear.

Her Father he did tell, and then
he stared like an affrighted man,
Down stairs he ran, and when he see her
cry'd out my Child how cam'st thou here.

Pray Sir did you not send for me
by such a messenger said she
Which made his hair stare on his head,
as knowing well that he was dead.

Where is he then to her he said
he's in the stable quoth the maid,
Go in said he and go to bed
i'le see the horse well littered.

He stare'd about and there could see
no shape of any mankind see,
But found his horse all on a sweat
which made him in a deadly fret.

His Daughter he said nothing too
nor no one else though well they knew,
That he was dead a month before
for fear of grieving her full sore.

Her father to his Father went
who was deceas'd, with this intent
To tell him what his daughter said
so both came back unto this maid.

They ask'd her and she still did say
twas he that then brought her away,
Which when they heard they were amaz'd
and on each others strangly gaz'd.

A Handkerchief she said she tyed
about his head and that they tryed,
The Sexton they did speak unto
that he the grave would then undoe.

Affrighted then they did behold
his body turning into mould,
And though he had a month been dead
this kercheif was about his head.

This thing unto her then they told
and the whole truth they did unfold,
She was thereat so terrified
and griev'd she quickly after dyed.

Part not true love you Rich men then
but if they be right honest men
Your daughters love give them their way,
for force oft hands their lives decay.

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